

NAME: Kawai, Yoshisada DATE OF BIRTH: 1889 PLACE OF BIRTH: Hiroshima
Age: 81 Sex: M Marital Status: _____ Education: High School (Japan) & Auto
school and night school (U.S.)

PRE-WAR:
Date of arrival in U.S.: Fall 1906 Age: 17 M.S.: S Port of entry: San Fran.
Occupation/s: 1. Apple Canner 2. School Boy 3. Orchard Picker/Dishwasher
Place of residence: 1. Watsonville, Ca. 2. Los Angeles, Ca. 4. Car Repairman
Religious affiliation: _____
Community organizations/activities: _____

EVACUATION:

Name of assembly center: Puyallup Assembly Center (On May 11, 1942)
Name of relocation center: Minidoka, Idaho (On August 10, 1942)
Dispensation of property: _____ Names of bank/s: _____
Jobs held in camp: 1. Electrician 2. Foreman
Jobs held outside of camp: _____
Left camp to go to: Chicago, Illinois

POST-WAR:

Date returned to West Coast: July 1950 (Seattle, Washington)
Address/es: 1. Chicago, Illinois 2. Seattle, Washington
3. _____
Religious affiliation: Christian Church
Activities: 1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____
If deceased, date, place and age at time of death: _____

Name of interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe(?) Date: 1970 Place: Seattle, Wash.

Translator: Jiro Matsusaka

Name: Yoshisada Kawai

Age: 81 years old

Birth Date: 1889

Birth Place: Hiroshima Ken

The year he came to the US: 1906

At what age did he come to the US: 17 years old

Major Occupation: Agricultural worker, Hotel manager

Relocation Camp: Minidoka, Idaho

Interviewer:

Date of Interview: 1970

Place of Interview: Seattle, Washington

Translator: Heihachiro Takarabe

Typist: Jane Matsuoka

ISSEI HISTORY PROJECT

Mr. Yoshisada Kawai

It is very significant that despite countless sufferings, the Japanese people have built a foundation on which they can expand and develop. I am very grateful and thankful for this fact. However, there are many, many things which one should learn, some with or without forms. I would particularly like to mention those who, having become Christians who live under God's grace and overcome life's hardship, with the power of faith, have lived to this day with the assurance of eternal life.

I am also thankful that Rev. Takarabe and other Nisei ministers are studying the priceless experiences and history of the Issei for future evangelical material.

I think this is a very significant project. As a member of the Issei, I would like to express my gratitude.

These questions deal with events as far back as 60 years. My recollection is dreamlike and cannot be answered precisely. So I decided to write down whatever comes to mind.

Place of birth Mukaieda
 Wadamura
 Futami Gun
 Hiroshima-Ken

Name: Yoshisada Kawai

I was born as the 4th son of a farmer who lived about 40 miles north of the city of the atomic bomb, Hiroshima. My father was a farmer, but he was also a carpenter who built houses and did other carpentry work on the side.

I have many memories of life in Japan, but it was for only 18 years -- a very short time, and I cannot recall too many events which were especially sad or painful.

I do remember, though, about the time when I was a student. I did not have to worry about anything. I just went to the mountains and rivers with friends, played around with them, or had quarrels with them occasionally. All these things are now a part of very pleasant memories.

Talking about a hardship, at that time it was the beginning of the spread of civilization in Japan. There were very few schools open. There was only one middle school in 8 villages which was enclosed in the radius of about 18 miles. It was too far to travel, so there were quite a few boys and girls staying at a boarding house to study at the middle school.

As far as my own situation was concerned, I had to walk over 2 miles to school. Of course, it was a countryside where there were no street cars, nor trains. They did not even have horse buggies to take us to school.

During the winter season I got up around 5:00 a.m., wore a simple slipper-like thing (called zori) which was made out of straws, put-over blanket, and walked through the snow in the mountain.

At that time the level of civilization in Japan and economic level were very poor, education was not spread among people, there were very few people who could write official documents. I remember that my brother used to write for his neighbors (various

official papers), and he was very much appreciated by these village people.

It was such a period that there were very few wealthy farmers and it was just about their top ability to give their children the compulsory education which was elementary schooling.

There were only 10 boys and girls who were able to advance to middle school in the whole village, and just about 1 or 2 students who were able to go to high school.

It was such a period that if you were able to graduate from a high school, you would be able to work as a salesman, or clerk of the city government, or village government, or only a policeman in a village or a mailman.

I do remember a few things about family life, food and clothing. First of all I had never seen an electric lamp. If you were a little wealthier, then you would use a lantern--an oil lamp surrounded by rice paper. In an ordinary family they used "kantera", a petroleum oil burning on a small wick in a tin can, which emitted light equal to 5 watts.

When old people smoked tobacco, they did not have matches, so they struck stones to light their tobacco. I think that period was the dawn of scientific modern civilization and there were lots of things left from the primitive culture, too.

My family religion was Buddhism--Jodo-shinshu. My father was a very serious believer. In the morning he would face the east and clap his hands to thank God, and in the evening he would light the lantern and offer a bowl of hot rice as offering, and offer

Buddhist's prayer (Okyo) as he rang a chime. And then, after all this, we relaxed and sat around the table for the dinner. That was our daily family ritual.

My father's posture of prayer in the morning and in the evening towards God and Buddha gave us an unspoken lesson, though we were very small and did not understand anything.

My mother was a very kind and tender woman. Whenever I was scolded by my father or brothers, she would come around my side. The words I still remember very well from the childhood were the words she spoke to me at the table. She said, "If you disrespect rice grains, then you will go blind." Even though I was very small, I used to wonder about the relationship between rice and my eyeballs, and I used to mutter about that in my mind. But in front of my mother and father I used to say, "Itadakimas" (which means I'll begin eating) and be very careful not to drop any rice.

Since then, spring breezes, and autumn rains and many decades have passed away, and today father and mother have passed on, and the time has come for my turn. Today I still think that my father's humble posture towards God and Buddha, indicated to our uneducated minds, existence of something like God or Buddha, and that attitude became the first step to lead me to Christian faith, and I am forever grateful.

Again, I think mother's words were true, for I became aware of the spirit of gratitude, and as I reflect upon my mother's words, I cannot help but confess my limitations. "You will go blind" means that you will not be able to see. And the opposite

of that, to be able to see, means to see things through the eyes of the heart which cannot be seen through the eyes.

In other words, when we treat things with disrespect, then our eyes in our heart go blind, and we become heartless, ungrateful persons. My mother was telling us that even if our eyes are open, if you cannot be grateful, then our life would be as low as that of dogs and cats.

When we come to think of it, even a grain of rice is the result of the gift of nature, and the hard labor and sweat of many, many people. Even a bowl of rice is the basic material which becomes my flesh and blood. I really appreciated my mother's words when she told us to be appreciative even toward a grain of rice.

I really learned that parent's words and deeds influence children and in the area of faith they give keys to influence life. These are the recollections of 60 years ago, about family life and social situations.

Questions II.

As I have said before, our school was far away from our village. There was a time when kids played around and were late for school. So a new school was built in the town of Shiomachi, and I moved to this school, and was graduated from there. I also entered a special class, preparation for advanced school, and learned English (reader 4), algebra, world history, Japanese history, and Chinese. - I think it was on the level of 3rd grade in high school.

After that I sent applications to agricultural schools in Okayama and Teacher's College in Hiroshima Ken, but everytime I failed because I did not pass the physical examination. I was very disappointed and depressed, and I felt that my future was black.

At that time there was an enthusiastic immigration movement, and two or three persons who graduated before me, and my own teacher, Mr. Heitaro Wakabayashi, who wrote "lafu Shogyokaigisho no Shoki" (Memoirs from Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles) later, had already come to the United States of America. So these things had become the motive for my decision to go overseas.

I did not have much education and I did not know too much about the situation of society. I had no experience in labor, I just had my own body. My first step in the direction of independence was not so flowery, and I did not have much significant hope for the future. It was a future that I had to take. I did not have any other choice, and because of this, I could not help but feel some helplessness.

I still remember distinctly the feeling of the extraordinary situation of my leaving home; I reflected on that cherished love of my parents, brothers and sisters, the mountains and rivers where I spent such happy times, and even a flower in our garden; and trying to remember these thoughts and feelings as long as possible in my heart. It was very difficult to part from these things. A Chinese poem came to my mind:

A young man leaves his native town
And if he is not successful in his learning
he shall not return.

Bones of ancestors many be buried
in the hills of native town
Man can be buried in any mountains of the world.

I suppose I did have a little bit of courage to be able to die abroad.

Questions II f.

I don't remember too much about the trip to the United States. The year and the date of the arrival is not certain because of the loss of the records. But I came to the United States in the fall of 1906. The name of the ship was Koria Maru which was about 12 to 13 thousand tons. I was put on the bottom of the ship with cargos. I was given one of the bottom beds, and people on top of me were seasick and vomiting very badly. I remember that well.

Question III.

When I landed in San Francisco, I was checked on Deuddenal worms and eyes. There were no difficulties there and I have no recollections about the Immigration Office.

Since I had come from a countryside where there were no such things as street cars nor electric lights, my first impression of America was tremendous. Everything I saw and heard was so special and curious, especially the high-rise buildings which were sticking out in the sky like a forest. These things seemed so magnificent to me. I was truly surprised by the wide city streets and all those things suggested the greatness of America. I also thought that this country must be the gathering place of millionaires.

On the other hand, there was one thing which disappointed me because of the lack of knowledge. It was this - I thought all the people who lived abroad, especially Japanese people, had had a high level of education and worked in high level offices with important responsibilities. On the contrary, all the people

I met wore workers' blue jeans, and the only thing they had were a kori (Japanese luggage). They were laborers whose only possession was often what they wore.

Of course, I was one of them. In order not to spend the money I had brought from Japan, I had to work. The owner of the hotel where I stayed, Mikado Hotel, found a job for me in Watsonville. It was a job at an apple canning factory in the countryside.

The boss of the camp was a Chinese and I ate dry Chinese rice for the first time. There were about 20 young men working there. At night we would spread blankets on the floor and sleep there having our heads on the same side. I could not sleep well, and during the night I used to think about the happy time at home and felt cold tears rolling down my cheek, and regret the fact that I came to the United States. I still cannot forget about these things.

This job was finished within 3 weeks and I came back to the hotel and stayed for a while.

In any case, we were in America several thousand miles from our home towns. The first business of the day to eat; second, in order to live like a human being, I had to learn English. So I tried to learn words from the dictionaries and English conversation every night, and I looked for a job in the day time.

One day the owner of the hotel told me, "Hey, there is a good job for you. One family is looking for a school boy. Would you like to go? The salary is low but in the near future you may be able to go to night school. Besides, if you help the lady of the house to cook, she will teach you how to cook. In America when you become an established cook, you've got it made.

Wherever you go you'll never miss a square meal." He recommended me to this job. I thought "they'll feed me and teach me English." There was no better job than this, so I decided to try it out.

I got the telephone number and the address, and finally arrived at the house. The house was painted white and looked like an estate of a wealthy man. It looked to me like that because rich farmers in Japan had the house with white walls. I thought it must be the same in America.

I was a little scared. But I forced myself to ring the door bell. There was a voice of a woman and then the door was opened quietly. So I gave her a name card of the hotel owner and told her why I came. Then she said, "Come in" and let me in the house. It was the first time that I saw the inside of a white man's house.

It was late afternoon and there was much light in the room. The floor was very shiny, and white things suggested a castle. As a person from a countryside, I was very surprised. She asked me to sit down in a chair, and then the lady of house told me all kinds of things. Unfortunately, I could not hear (understand) what she told me, and what I said could not be understood. I was so embarrassed. So I said "Good bye" and ran away from her.

When I come to think about these things, they sound like comedies, but because I was very serious at that time, I felt very sad. Soon after that I went down to Southern California looking for friends from the same home town. I made Los Angeles my headquarters and went out from there to work as a picker in orchards. We picked oranges, peaches, grapes and pears. When the job was done, I came back to Los Angeles, worked as a dishwasher in a rooming house or worked in apartments. At that time farm

workers were paid 20¢ an hour.

So when I moved to a town, waiting for another fruit season, I had to spend all the money I saved for room and board. I could not save a penny in this period.

I used to think that money must be growing by the streetside; however, even if I dug ditches and climbed trees, the only things I found there were tears and sweat. So I spent the first 3 years in America in this manner in the day time, and went to night school to learn English. I finished a course in bookkeeping in this way.

After that I took a course in the automobile industry by correspondence. The school was owned by Mr. Al Pyee, and I attended automobile school on Figueroa Street in Los Angeles. There I learned theory and structure, repair, and general practical things concerning electricity. By 1915, after graduation from this school, I had become an established mechanic.

However, because there was a violent race prejudice, I used to hear "Jap! Jap!" whenever I went to a restaurant, movies, or schools every day. I was a greenhorn then; my blood was boiling. One day I could not stand it anymore, so I got in a fight with white hoods. It was at such a time when there were few job openings for us, and the best I could do was to become a chauffeur in a white man's family. The salary was very much lower than the white chauffeur's.

What I got, I think, was room and board and \$25.00 per month. I suppose I was lucky. I gained the confidence of a president of a motion picture company, Mr. Hal E. Roach in Culver City. I began to repair the company cars, and cars which belonged to actors who came to his office. I remember my salary went up to room and board and \$50.00 per month.

At that time, Japanese people who worked in this field were Mr. Kawano, who worked for the Charlie Chaplin family; Mr. Somen, who worked for Hal Lloyd, and myself, and others who numbered only 2 or 3 people. I think we were the first ones who worked in this area in California.

Question IV p.

I did not make any contributions to World War I. The only thing I remember was that I got drafted. I did not have citizenship, so I did not want to go into the army. But they forced the physical on me. Fortunately, I did not pass the examination. I cannot forget about this event.

Question IV r.

It was 60 years ago when I came in contact with Christianity. I was living in a migrant life style. It is such a distant past, in Los Angeles. There was a time when 3 young men, including myself, went to pick peaches in the small countryside of San Bernardino. It was about 80 miles south of Los Angeles.

We arrived there around 6:00 p.m., but because of a mistake in the communication, there were enough people ahead of us and three of us did not find jobs. Not only was the boarding place full but we could not find a place to sleep. So we had to go back to Los Angeles. Three of us did not have money, so we did not know what to do. However, we were "brave" Don Quijotes! We went into a huddle and came up with a plan. We took a train back to Los Angeles from the station situated right in the middle of a field like dignified passengers.

Soon the conductor came around to collect our fare. We told him that we were poor students, which we were, and gave him all we had, which amounted to one dollar. The conductor let us off the train in the middle of an orange grove in Upland. It was midnight, then, and we ate oranges to help our empty stomachs. We spent the night there, too.

It was about 5:00 in the morning when we saw a light in the distance. So the three of us walked toward it. We all were very tired and helpless. It was a farmer's house. So we knocked on the door and an old woman with white hair about 70 years old came out.

We told her that we were students and looking for jobs, and all that had happened the night before. To our surprise she was very sympathetic. She let us in the house and gave us hot coffee. She told us that there was a boarding house there managed by a Japanese person, Mr. Teno. She said boys came from there to do some work for her. So she would introduce us to him. Because of this old woman, we were finally able to find jobs.

At that time we were so glad that we felt like meeting Buddha in the Hell. There is an old Japanese saying, "There are always friends in a journey, and there is much compassion in the world. There is no evil in the world." We really felt it was true.

This old man and woman, Mr. and Mrs. Commack, were very devout Christians. In the heat of anti-Japanese sentiment, they themselves helped many Japanese people. We owe them much.

Today I'm over 80 years old. But to this day I am very grateful for the grace and gift which was given to me through this old man and his wife. Come to think of it, this strange God's work, getting to know these people under God's guidance, had become the opportunity for me to come in contact with Christianity.

Later I became a school boy in this household. It was the tradition of the house to read New Testament and sing hymns after supper for about 30 minutes. There were a few young people from the Japanese boarding house, too.

At that time I did not have any background in religion or interest in it, but I went along because of English practice. However, I must add at this time that when I was very sick and floating between life and death, these Biblical passages had become one of the very foundations of my life.

I had become very sick twice in my life and suffered to the extent of danger to my life. Once or twice I had lost all hope of living and had fallen into the abyss of despair. One of these illnesses happened at the Commack's one and a half years after I had come to live with them as a house boy. It was a common cold in the beginning, but it got complicated and became acute pneumonia. I was hospitalized. I could not do anything about it, but the old man and his wife took care of me. Fortunately, I was able to leave the hospital a little over a week. Not only did they pay the doctor's and the hospital bills but they took me home. I was very weak after

such a serious illness, so they took good care of me.

Their care seemed to be better than that of my own parents. They even bathed me every day, and nursed me until I was able to get around. I really came to know peoples' hearts (ninjo) at that time. I also felt the greatness of the power of love in the lonesome journey in the world. I felt their loving kindness deep in my flesh and every time I think about them I cannot help but cry because I was glad and so thankful.

I wanted to return their kindness in some way. I was almost uneasy, while I could not do that. So I made up my mind to go to Los Angeles to work, and told them about my determination. They accepted my decision. They were very happy for me.

At that time Mrs. Commack said, "Wherever you go, never worry about returning money or returning kindness to us. If you cannot forget about us, then in the future you help those who are in need and in trouble. It does not matter who they are. That could be the returning of my kindness, and that is Christ's heart." She taught me these things.

When I left their home, she gave me a small Bible and said, this is a part of me and your life. Don't lose it throughout your life. In this Bible it had a small writing, "To Mr. Y. Kawai, my son most dear son. From mother Commack."

When I saw this, I thought that she must be my second mother in America whom I owe so much. I prayed that one day I would come to know God and become a Christian in order to answer her loving kindness. This story, this great experience took place about a half a century ago. I still have that Bible, kept neatly. This is the story of how I came in contact with Christianity for the first time.

Well, many years had passed. I began to work for the president of a movie company. It happened after I worked for him over two years that I began to see the light in my future. All of a sudden I became ill with typhoid. It was complicated by pneumonia and I suffered with a high fever and intestinal bleeding. I was hospitalized for the second time.

Because of the high fever, my lips were burned and were black and purple. I was unconscious for many days. When I woke up I found an ice bag on my head, but I did not know who I was, and did not know whether or not I was alive. In this condition I wandered between life and death.

When I had consciousness, in the hot sweat and tears, I prayed as though I was betting my whole life on it. "Please God, help me!!! I've got lots of things to do yet. I want to see my parents once more. I must do something to return their love of which I had received so much." I remember faintly that I prayed like that day and night.

One day at dawn, I had a dream which I remember clearly to this day. In the vision I saw "girls of heaven" going up and down between heaven and earth, and saw a blazing flame and in it I saw God embracing me. It was such an awe-inspiring sight.

Strangely enough, the very next morning, the fever began to go down, and I began to get well. In ten days I was able to go home. As I left the hospital, a nurse told me that my temperature was around 106-107 degrees and that there were very few people who recovered with that high of a fever. She said it must have been God's grace that I was able to recover.

She also said that even in my unconsciousness I often said, "...whiter than snow..." and sang hymns which I had learned from Mrs. Commack. At that time I was not a Christian, and I did not know too much about theology. But ever since then, God's existence had become so sure a thing and it made a deep impression on my mind and I could not forget that life time.

After that I did not have the chance to go to church because I was preoccupied with a visit to my home town, returning my debts, and other things. After the war, I came back from Chicago to this city, and as I managed a hotel, I was able to create some time for myself. So I gathered up my old diary and wrote a small book called "Komyo no Ayumi (A Walk of Morning Light)". It was my attempt to communicate the sureness of God's existence to relatives and friends.

My stories seem to go back and forth, but certain things came to my mind and in November 1952 I asked Rev. Noji of the Presbyterian Church to baptize me. (As I received) the baptism I learned about the Creator God and the Son Jesus Christ. Ever since then, I have lived receiving God's grace, after grace to become over 80 years old. I came to believe that the vision I had over a decade ago was real, and I had no room for doubt.

One high Buddhist priest said, "Dream is the expression of one's heart. The reality of the world is the world of confusion. And when we wake up from this confusion we will be able to acknowledge the sight of the true life."

My testimony would sound like dreams to those who were not yet Christians, and to those Godless atheists, and it must sound like some crazy story of a crazy man, and many might laugh at them. But the fact is that I wrote this book in the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and it could be understood by brothers and sisters in faith.

When our heart is healthy, we almost completely forget about the existence of heart. It is the same thing with intestine or lung. I believe after illness we can appreciate health and by wandering between life and death we can be discovered by God, and we are able to be born again into a new life.

I think that one day's life in faith is truly worth more than a thousand days of no faith. I am grateful that I am able to write this much.

Question IV The World War II

It was Sunday morning of December 7, 1941 when I got to know about the Pearl Harbor Attack. I did have some feelings about that, though, because the atmosphere over Japan was very rough. There is an old saying, "When a mouse is cornered, it fights back against the cat." I have a feeling it must have been the same situation with Japan. I could not even imagine that Japan could attack Pearl Harbor. It seemed to me it was almost a ridiculous thing.

When I heard the news, I felt as if 100 thunders fell on my head at once. I was surprised and confused. When I thought about our future, which was nothing but confusion and despair, I felt like all the hairs on my body were standing on end with fear.

When I got to know about the notice of relocation, I was not surprised because my white friend told me that all Japanese people would be put in the barbed wire in a desert. However, at that time, banks were closed on us; we were not allowed to carry more than \$25.00 in cash, and of course, pistols, knives, swords, Japanese records and cameras were forbidden. It was very difficult for us.

It was impossible for us, a family of 4, to live on \$25.00 at the time of evacuation. I had no assurance for the future. So I tried very hard to take extra money. There was a rumor going around that the FBI searched a house of a Japanese family, and the money which was hidden in a garden pot was confiscated. So I was worried about that. I could not sleep at night.

At that time my wife had a laundry business, but we had to sell it to a white man for nothing. I changed the money into \$20 bills, and took a few large Ivory soap bars and carved out the inside and wrapped the money in wax paper and put them inside of the soap, and made it look like bars of ordinary soap. We took them to the assembly center in Puyallup. It sounds so childish now, but at that time it seemed to be such a critical problem for us. I also worried that we might need dishes and bowls. I also worked very hard to obtain camping equipment-- sleeping bags, thick clothing, so that the children would not catch cold. It was because not only were we forbidden to go out other than at certain periods of time, but because there was much fear about us being enemy aliens.

The evacuation date for our area was May 11, 1942. About 9:00 a.m. we were gathered in front of a Buddhist Temple. We were taken to the assembly center in Puyallup, just like sheep which were led to the slaughter house. The Assembly Center Camp was built on the site of horse barns on the agricultural fair grounds, and these houses were built of rough lumber like that of long pig pens. I just cannot forget, still now, the sight of 3,000 people lined up in front of the big mess hall with dishes in their hands. It was such a sorrowful sight.

We stayed in Puyallup for 3 months. The same year on August 20th, we were taken to Minidoka, Idaho. I have one recollection there.

One night some of us, a little over 10 people, came down with stomach aches, and made quite a few trips to the bathroom. The guards took this as the beginning of a rebellion. So they brought 3-4 machine guns on the top of the roof, and observed our movements.

They were soldiers with many weapons, and us, powerless people. But it was they who were frightened and shivering with fear, not us. It was really a comical sight. Well, as for us, by that time we came to the point where we were ready to let heaven decide our future. So we were not disturbed.

I think that when we are able to trust God, and let Him lead us, then we are given the power to stand up to overcome sufferings and hardships, and even in the possibility of death we will have no fear. We will be able to live through life with the spirit of thankfulness. I really came to believe this.

Our relocation camp was situated right in the middle of a plain covered with sagebrush in Minedoka, Idaho. It was surrounded by barbed wire, and in it there were over 10 long buildings which included mess halls, bath rooms, a shop, warehouse, hospital, fire department, police station and others. The housing units were divided into over 20 blocks, and each block contained about 350 people, and a total of over 10,000 Japanese people (which he calls "doho"). I spent 3 long years in it. There are many recollections about this time, but I would like to write about a few of them.

There was about 800 miles of distance between Puyallup Assembly Center and the relocation camp in Minedoka. We spent a night on the train and the next day, about 11:00 a.m. the train arrived at a corner of the plateau. From there we started walking toward the camp. The place was strange looking and wild, and a vast plain in all directions, and we wondered where we were going to be taken.

I just cannot forget about that night. I stood outside of the house by myself, hearing the cry of coyotes in the vast, vast plain, looking at the flowing clouds and shining moon. I thought about my sweet native town, and the very fragile human life. I thought that it must be man's destiny to go through such a difficult time.

I remembered a poem which was composed by someone: "Ware wa koko, Kamiwa izuko ni mashimasuka, hoshino kagayaki sabishiki yonari." (The meaning of the poem is "I am here, and where is God? The stars are shining very brightly but it is a very lonely night.) I wrote this down in my diary.

In the residential area, a manager was appointed in each block. However, in order to build a democratic system, each block elected a representative and they discussed various things.

This body became a main body to negotiate and communicate with the government. During the war, some food, like sugar, was sold only in limited amounts. But in the camp there was no want for any of these items, and we were able to have enough nourishment.

When we moved into this camp, these houses were unfinished. There was only a military, kettle-shaped coal stove in the room, and there was no other furniture, so we gathered up scrap lumber and made tables and chairs. We planted flowers in front of our barracks. We made gardens. These were some of the things we could not enjoy outside.

Those small children, who did not know anything about the situation, played around like birds who were just freed from their cages. At that time I did feel as if I had gained some spiritual freedom by being confined physically in the barbed wires. I thought that I really experienced the freedom which was given to me by God, and I felt that it was the most important thing we can have.

The American government did limit our activities in the society, but it could not limit or confine our belief. When the government took control of all our bodily freedom, it had to feed us free. Here and there around the barbed wires there were high watchtowers and there were soldiers with rifles and bayonets, observing our movements. We could not get outside without permission. But for that price, the government had to give us food, clothing and

shelter every day.

In order to live you have to eat, and in order to eat you must work. But after, we could not get that job satisfactorily in the society. However, being there temporarily, we were freed from that type of difficulty. I was able to discover the true happiness which comes from accepting what happens to us as God-given gifts, and not being bothered by fame, material wealth, success, position, power and wealth.

In this way for some Issei, like myself, these 3 years of life in the camp in a wilderness was a rare opportunity for life in "paradise" and also it was the life of retreat. Actually, ever since they came to the United States, for the most part, Issei had to work continuously in the land of a different language, culture and race discrimination, and never had the time for rest.

We, Issei, did suffer during these 3 years because of the war, and our native country was conquered. However, after the war with the effort of Nissei, we stood up with hope and courage, and we became not only the bridge between America and Japan, but also we were able to build the foundation for the future life of Japanese people (Yamato minzoku) on this North American soil. I think the reason why we were able to do this is because we were able to have such a good 3 years' retreat period.

It has become our pride in that we were able to add to the building of the American nation, and have become a permanent page in its bright history. Those 3 years had become one of the most significant periods in our lives and we shall never forget them.

There was no lack of food, clothing and shelter. There was no worry and we had lots of free time on our hands every day.

So we enjoyed our hobbies. Some people enjoyed flower arrangements; some learned tea ceremony, crocheting, doll making; some enjoyed planting vegetables or flowers; some played the game of "Go". There were those who gathered stones or dead woods, polished them and made beautiful home gadgets and surprised everyone. It felt as if all the Japanese culture flowered at this point. There were young Issei who made up teams to play baseball.

There were some white men who were very much struck by this, and newspapers like Twinhall(?) carried good editorials to praise these activities.

I don't have too many hobbies, but I like to do deep thinking, so I learned to play the game of "Go". I also thought that I had to be prepared to be able to live independently in case we were sent back to Japan. So I made a cheap and small electric refrigerator for family use. I made further study on the matter as I also used the refrigerator for my own use.

My job in the camp was in the division of electricity. I fixed transformers which transmitted electric power in the beginning. I worked also with telephones and repaired radios. Later, I was a foreman to oversee the refrigeration unit of the mess hall which fed 10,000 people, and administered and repaired the refrigerators of the mess halls of the school and hospital. My salary was \$19 a month.

About the Nissei volunteering for the Army. I know there were alot of arguments about Nissei volunteering for the Army. I felt deep in my mind a turmoil, because I did not want my sons to take arms against my own mother country and shed blood. I just could not bear the thought of it. On the other hand, I have received so much from this country and I owe it a lot. I did not feel that rebellious against it.

I was crushed between "giri" and ninjo-Jooai" (duty, and affection/love), and I had to take an absolute neutral position. It was the only way out for me, besides, I felt I did not have the knowledge and power to speak out.

Question VIII My Religious Life in the Camp.

My faith that "God is always with me, and he leads the way" did not change at all. I became so accustomed to the easy life in the camp that I did not enter into the ritualistic religious life. However, I did not forget to read the Bible.

I would like to say something here. My wife did not have any religious education nor background of it. But because her friends like Mrs. Nakamura and Mrs. Hiyama, encouraged her to go to church, she began to go, learning the Bible and practicing hymns. I think she received much blessing in these days.

Two years after that, I was baptized by Rev. Kohira, and I was added to the group of Christians. I was very thankful. Come to think of it, for over a decade I was preoccupied with worldly matters. After suffering continuous discipline, finally I was able to become a Christian.

In comparison to my experience, my wife was very lucky. (She became a Christian without much pain and suffering). When I think about these things, 3 years of life in the camp had become an unforgettable significant period.

Question IX

We were the last ones to leave the camp. We left the camp on October 5, 1945, for Chicago, depending on our friend there. When I left the camp for the last time, I looked back and saw the

entire ground; when we came, it was nothing but wilderness, but now, because of our labor, it became a beautiful green field. We drew water from one of the tributaries of the Snake River.

No matter where Japanese people go, the place becomes green... think about west coast farm land. It was Japanese people who developed that land into green farm land. I thought about Psalm 23:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall want nothing.
He makes me lie down in green pastures,
and leads me beside the waters of peace;
he renews life within me,
and for his name's sake guides me in the right path.
Even though I walk through a valley dark as death
I fear no evil, for thou art with me,
thy staff and thy crook are my comfort.

Thou spreadest a table for me in the sight of my enemies;
thou hast richly bathed my head with oil,
and my cup runs over.
Goodness and love unfailing, these will follow me
all the days of my life,
and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord
my whole life long.

I used to worry about my future, but I was encouraged and went to our destination with hope. In Chicago my wife worked for a clothing company and I worked for my friend who owned Nakagawa Electric Machine Store. I repaired radios or cut records for popular Japanese songs. After that I worked for a company which made fiberglass fishing poles. I worked for 4 years there as a machine operator.

During this time we were able to accumulate some money for us to become independent. So in July 1950, we came back to Seattle which was my second native town. We bought a hotel there. I managed it until 1970. My health was bothering me, so I retired at the age of 81. By God's grace, I have been living quietly to this day with much gratitude for His gracious care.

I have been sickly ever since I was small because of my irregular life. In spite of that, God strengthened me and answered all my prayers. From this, I firmly believe that man does not live by bread alone, but the life in faith is the true way to long life.

Question 9 i

After the war, the attitude of white society toward the Japanese was better than I expected, in general. The reason for this is not that America won the war, but because the real value of Japanese people began to be recognized. I should have said this at the section of "Japanese volunteering for the Army", but I forgot to mention it there, so I would like to do so now.

One of the reasons was the fact that there was not even one Japanese who might bring harm against the United States, and in spite of the fact Nissei were Americans by law, they were put behind the barbed wires. Their freedom was taken away from them and they were under heavy observation. In spite of these tragic situations, they stood up, volunteered for the Army, fought in many countries in Europe, especially in Italy, where they rescued American troops surrounded by enemy forces and under very heavy attack, and brought the war toward victory.

That famous war cry of "Go for Broke!" was their desperate determination and it still stays with me to this day. In this way this Nissei troupe dedicated 650 deaths and 4500 casualties for the sake of this country. These achievements, which should be written as the significant events in the history of America, woke up those hard-headed racists. Their effort and achievements of great loyalty were greatly added toward the building of the

foundation for the coming generation.

I would like to express my gratitude toward Nissei and at the same time I pray for those who dedicated their lives at the battle-fields.

Question 9 J Education of Children

The first thing we have to do is to educate ourselves. There are many kids who don't listen to their parents, but most of them do imitate what their parents do. As you can see among the young men and women, we just cannot depend on schools to educate young people to become fine human beings.

I read this in the newspaper that a child saw his father drinking tea directly out of the tea pot. So this child imitated his father one day, and the child burned his throat and ended up in a hospital.

Likewise, parents' actions, whether good or bad, make impressions on children and affect their personality. That is the truth. So it is very important to act all day long in such a way that it shows God's pure love.

To have respect for God not only shows the direction in the future, but also God's mind becomes one's mirror to discover shortcomings and by deep reflection upon these shortcomings, one can be given the power to redirect one's own life.

In the 20th century, science has developed to the extent that it could be called the Age of Atoms. At the present time, it has become possible to journey into the universe. It is really the age of the universe now. Even in this time in history, children

will grow up to be PhD's, or secretaries of government, or wealthy men and women. But the life which does not know God does not know true peace and happiness, and the life will have no meaning and significance.

History shows that the parents of Lincoln and Washington were persons who respected God. That famous scholar with the theory of relativity, Dr. Einstein, said that "Science without religion is unbalanced and produces evil". It is a very fitting thing to say as a scientist.

Conclusion My Role as a Christian

I would like to thank you for the opportunity to express my hopes for the coming generation as a member of Issei Christians in the United States of America.

First of all, I would like Nissei, Sansei and Yousei to keep being the bridge of friendship between Japan and America, by learning the beautiful things about the mother country, and also have pride in the fact that they are Japanese descendants.

Though we, Issei, had come to the United States when we were very young, our foundation of education consists of the beautiful tradition of "giri" (duty) and "Ninjo" (man's compassion), great moral of the Meiji Emperor, and the teachings of the "Kyoiku Chokugo", on the one hand, the American spirit which is based on the moral teachings of Christian tradition whose basic morals come from Moses' 10 Commandments, on the other.

I think St. Paul was teaching social ethics in Colossians on this foundation. When I read Colossians 3:18 for the first time, I was very much struck by it, and I was thankful. I even thought

that Kyoiku Chokugo must come from the Bible which was the Words of God. We Issei were born in the Meiji Era. These morals, like loyalty to Emperor, love of country, respect of ancestors, taking care of parents, harmonious relationship between husband and wife, friendship and trust, love of mankind, etc., were put in our head, and these had become the character of the Issei people. And the passage in Colossians sounds almost exactly the same with these traditional morals. The only difference is the fact that Paul makes God as the center of everything. For instance, "wives be obedient to your husbands, for that is what you should do as Christians. Husbands, love your wives as you love yourself". Also, it says about parents-children relationship, "Children, it is your Christian duty to obey your parents always, for that is what pleases God. To take parents lightly is just like being blasphemers, and its punishment is death. Father, don't make your children angry."

The relationship between employer and employee: "Slaves, obey your human masters in all things, and do it not only when they are watching you, and not just to gain their approval, but do it with a sincere heart, because of your reverence for your Lord." As to masters, it says, "Masters, be right and fair in the way you treat your slaves." There is no masters nor slaves in the sight of God. All must attend to the works which were given to us by God, and do it with thanksgiving." These are precise and detailed teachings.

People who experienced these things with their life are pioneer Issei. I really thought about this as I wrote, that all these moral

teachings which had passed on to us from our ancestors--sincerity diligent study, "giri" and "Ninjo" -- and because we grew up in this kind of environment, these moral teachings had become the character of the Japanese race and helped them to overcome all kinds of difficulties and hardships over a long period of time. Not only that, these things helped them to become the bridge of friendship between Japan and America, and I feel a heart full of things swelling everytime I think about these things.

At the same time, I am proud of the fact that I do have such a background, but also am very glad to feel honored to become a good citizen of the United States. These glorious things, I would like Nissei and Sansei and their children to keep permanently. This wish is not only of these Japanese Christians but also the wishes of all Issei people.

Note I did write something about "Kyoiku Chokugo" (the word concerning education) by Meiji Emperor, but I am not the one who believes that the Emperor is God himself. Human Emperor is the one who received the rank of Emperorship every generation to lead the nation. However, concerning the ancestors of Emperor, please read two-volume book on Japan and Hebrew poetry which was the result of 50 years of effort (sometimes without sleeping and eating) of the late Dr. Rev. Kawamorita.

Well, my second hope is concerning the disturbances of American society. As you know, America is the world's most advanced civilization and also a nation of Christians. However, the situation in the society has really declined.

Armed robbers go around in the daytime, newspapers are full of murders and rapers every day. In wealthy America, these are

not the result of the lack of food, clothing and shelter, but the deterioration of moral principles. Especially in these days, schools, churches and courts are bombed one after another, peace is disturbed and revolution seems to be just around the corner.

Especially because of the increase in young hoodlums, old people who live in the cities are afraid and cannot even walk on the street. What does this unbelievably bad social condition tell us?

Though the reasons are discussed and examined by government crime investigating officials, they cannot come to a conclusion. However, there must be problems of communist ideology and race problems among other complicated reasons. However, I cannot deny the fact that some responsibility lies on American Christian churches. I still think that churches today are too much influenced by politics. For instance, there are many big churches that invested huge amounts of money, over millions of dollars, in schools or hospitals in the poor countries or backward nations. It's a good thing, it is according to the will of God.

But, "Love your neighbor" is the Christ teaching and discipline. It means, it seems to me, to clean up around our own feet first. Without building up the foundation, any enterprise will end in destruction. It is a sure thing. It is very clear that when a human soul is not built up well, (solid) its impure society is going to produce many drug fiends, boys with long hair, girls with long pants, freedom of sex, hippies who urge hedonism, and destructive people.

They say names reveal one's body, but their ugly sight reveals their heart. Luckily, there are very few criminals who are Nissei and Sansei, and I am very happy about that. In order to prevent them from becoming criminals, we must depend on the Nissei ministers' power of faith and effort of gospel ministry. I am really hoping that we may be able to produce a great man of Revolution like John Calvin or Luther from ministers of Japanese descent.

Finally, I pray for the blessing and guidance of the Holy Spirit on each minister.

P.S. These are my straight answers to the questions. I answered them as I recalled events. If you can use it, I'll be very glad. I must have missed some questions, or maybe I have wrong opinions. Please forgive these things.